

THE
LUNATICK.

A

Comedy.

DEDICATED

TO THE

Three RULING B--S

AT THE

New-House

IN

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

L O N D O N :

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE
Three R U L I N G B O O D S

OF THE
New - House

IN
LINCOLNS - INN - FIELDS.

Most Arbitrary and Most Hermophrodite Conjunction,

SINCE it has been brought into a Custom to offer the Products of the Brain to those who generally have the least Pretence to it, by that Rule the following Play has a peculiar Right to appear under so Illustrious a Protection as Yours, whose Sense and Honesty are not less Conspicuous than Your High Birth, and Education. The First, the many Glorious Farces, Ridiculous Tragedies, the Lumber of the Stalls, which by a joint-consent You have Cook'd up, and Palm'd upon the World, testifie beyond a Contest the Sound, the Eminent Justice You have done all those Ridiculous

Epistle Dedicatory.

diculous Coxcombs who engag'd themselves in Your Cause against them, who Paid them Honestly, and Rul'd them easily, will abundantly make out, and the other two will be extremely Visible to those who know any thing of Scotland-Yard Stall, Old Gowns, and the Wash-bowl. Having thus done more for You than most Writers can do for their Patrons, I have some Confidence that the World will not accuse me of Ambition, and Mercenary Design in Dedicating to those by whom no Part of Mankind yet got Twopence: Heroes and Beauties are generally too full of themselves, to bestow their Favours without a valuable Consideration. And Jago's Precept to Roderigo has reach'd all the Candidates of their Favour, (Put Money in thy Purse,) being sure of a Repulse where the Fee is only in Promise, and more than Lawyers are averse to a Cause in Forma Pauperis. The old Thread-bare Whim of Merit and Sense are laudibly laid aside by You, and You, like the other Giants of Mankind, think

What is the Worth of any thing,
But as much Money as 'twill bring

*And in that, perhaps, You may be in the Right, if you knew what would bring You Money and what not; but since you go by guess, I know no reason why the following Piece was so long Post-pon'd, while you brought on such a heap of Vicious Rubbish, as no tolerable Judge could expect a Benefit from; but Kissing goes by Favour, and You, of all Governours, have been the most Generous to Your Darlings; You have by an excessive Fondness of them, and a peculiar happiness of Management, turn'd your selves out of Doors, and starv'd all Your Dependants; brought a Company, in a few Years, from the Admiration, to the Contempt of the Town; a Work beyond the Talent of most Men, whose little Capacities have made them at least so true to their Interest, as to let those get something, by whom they got all. But You will, perhaps, accuse me of Partiality, and giving You a
Praise*

Epistle Dedicatory.

Praise beyond Your Deserts, since You will Plead Your bringing on half a Dozen good Plays in Ten Years. But I might say of that, as Diagoras did of the Offering in the Temples, of those who had escap'd the Tempests of the Sea, That those who were Drown'd had put up none; for the Number is so small of those that had been sav'd in Your Element, that they wou'd be lost in the Multitudes of the Damn'd. But it is a good-natur'd Saying, De mortuis nil nisi Bonum. Speak well of the Dead. Your Dominion is Expir'd, Your Reign at an End, and therefore to remark on Your Follies, is an Ill-natur'd Censure, which Humanity condemns, especially, since by Your ill Management You have made way for Your Subjects to come into a more Honourable Regiment, and as a Pennance for Your past Crimes, You become Pupils in Your Old Age; this shews indeed, that

All Humane Things are subject to Decay,
And when Fate Summons, Mortals must Obey.

*But have You, Illustrious Princes, consider'd what You are doing? What Noble Perquisites You give up? There will be no more Clandestine Sharing betwixt You without the rest; no more private Accounts, and Double Books; no more paying Debts half a score times over out of the Publick Stock, yet never paying them in reality at all. There will be no more sinking Three Hundred and fifty Pounds at a time in the Money repaid on a famous Singer's Account, but never accounted for to the rest of the Sharers; no more stopping all the Pay of the Under Actors on Subscription-Nights, when You were allow'd forty or fifty Pound a Night for the House, besides the Benefit of the Galleries; no more sinking the Court-Money into Your own Pockets, and letting the Sallery People and Under Sharers Starve without Pay; no more taking Benefit-Days in the best Season of the Year, and Dunning the Quality for Guinea-Tickets to help out the Defects of all the other above-named Perquisites; no fifty Shillings per Week for scowring
Old.*

Epistle Dedicatory.

Old Lace, nor burning it, and selling the Product for private Advantage; no Twenty Shillings a Day House-Rent; no sharing Profits with the Poetasters; nor Eating and Drinking out the other half before the Performance; no saving Coals at Home, by Working, Eating and Drinking, &c. by the Stock-Fire; nor, in short, any Advantage to be made but by stated Sallaries, or the best Improvement of Natural Gifts, as far as Age, Ugliness and Gout will permit.

If You have taken a View of this Melancholy Prospect, ponder it well before You conclude, and remember, that the Pleasure of Insulting Poets (whom You are not worthy to converse with) and of Judging of Plays, which You do not understand, are Prerogatives which few of Your Station wou'd so easily quit. Being confident the good Advice I have given You, will heartily engage You in my Interest, I commit my self and my Play, with a wonderful Satisfaction, to Your Patronage, and abundantly please my self with subscribing my self

Your most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Franck Telltroth.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

<i>Littlegood</i>	Father to <i>Valeria</i> and <i>Emilia</i> .
<i>Shortsight</i>	Uncle to the two <i>Manlys</i> .
<i>Manly Senior</i>	In Love with <i>Valeria</i> .
<i>Manly Junior</i>	In Love with <i>Emilia</i> .
<i>Trusty</i>	A Friend to the two <i>Manlys</i> .
<i>Quickwit</i>	Servant to <i>Littlegood</i> .
<i>Jeremy</i>	Servant to <i>Manly Senior</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Valeria</i>	} Daughters to <i>Littlegood</i> .
<i>Emilia</i>	

THE
LUNATICK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Manly Junior, and Trusty.

Manly. **T**Rouble me no more with your Impertinence; can't I have free Liberty to spend my Estate like a Gentleman?

Trusty. Yes. you may, but a Bubble is but an ill Resemblance of a Gentleman.

Man. Come, you're an Ass, a very dull, heavy Fellow — must I be teiz'd with your Phlegmatick Morals, — no — I'll set all on Fire, and not outlive the Blaze of my Fortune, rather than like a Miser rack my self with Penury for the sake of my Heir's Profusion. For my part, I'll be my own Executor.

Trust. You may live handsomly, Sir, without lessening your Fortune; the Land your Father left you is more than a Thousand Pound a Year.

B.

Land !

Land! Why you Blockhead I was Born to none, 'twas merely thrust upon me, and now I can't be at quiet for't. — 'Tis like a Wife, that for one Benefit brings a Thousand Inconveniences. I can't walk the Streets in Peace, — Your Rich Citts stop me, and offer me their wanton Daughters, Your Usurers importune me to borrow Money; your Sharpers make their Court to me, in hopes to put the Doctor upon me, and your Lawyers to free my Estate from Incumbrances, give me more trouble than my Estate's worth.

Trust. Your being taken Notice of, shews how much the World respects you, did you but apprehend the good they design you.

Man. I'll Sell all — 'Twere a Sin to keep it, — When did you know an Elder Brother unjustly Dis-inherited — and the Estate thrive in the Hands of the Younger.

Trust. Then, Physician-like, the Distemper being known, you may effect the Cure with less Trouble.

Man. Why should I depend upon Casualties, trust Scriv'ners with my Money, or Bankers that stretch their Credit as far as they can, and then Break to get an Estate by compounding their Debts.

Trust. You may scorn my Advice — but when 'tis too late. —

Man. I tell thee — I'll keep neither Land nor Houses, — I'll convert all to Money, — that will give me Pleasure in abundance, and a Life at large is what suits best with my Airy Temper.

Trust. But when all's gone, where's your Gentility? — for Honour now-a-days never survives the Estate.

Man. Prithce good honest old patch'd piece of Experience go Home, and wear thy self out in Contemplation, and teize not me with your musty Maxims of Frugality, — they'll do no more good with me than true Love with a Coquet.

Trust. VVell Sir, I wou'd willingly attend upon you in the way of Honour and Reputation. — I serv'd your Father long, and for his sake wou'd be willing to serve you. —

Man. No, no, go about your Business, and tho' Men of my Character do seldom part with any thing for good Uses (for Money'd Men have but little Charity) yet for this once I'll trespass against Custom. — Here's something to supply your Necessities, — I wish 'twere more. —

[Exit Manly Junior.
Trust.

Trust. I see yet in his good Nature and Generosity a Reluctancy to ill Courses: He has not quite shaken off all Humanity--- there are hopes to reclaim him. — If not, when all's consum'd, the Return of this Money will be grateful.
[Exit Trusty.]

Scene Changes to the Royal-Exchange.

Enter Manly Senior, and Jeremy.

Man. Sen. I think it is now about Two, *Jeremy*, the time for Stock-Jobbers and Brokers to meet here on the *Royal-Exchange*; among this promiscuous Crowd I shall find my Uncle *Shortsight*, and *Valeria's* Father, to whom I am contracted, they certainly will have more Honour than to disrespect me--- notwithstanding my being out at Elbows,--- as for my Brother--- I hear all he is Master of cannot supply his Extravagancies, therefore little is to be expected from him.

Fer. I dare lay my Life, Sir, they'll use you but scurvily, --- offer you a small matter by the way of Charity, and forbid you ever troubling them any more. It's strange all your Credit with your Taylor won't afford you a new Suit.

Man. Credit me! No, they'll sooner Trust a broken Citizen than a disbanded Soldier. After I was Dis-inherited, as my last Refuge, I laid all my Hopes on the Wars, but failing there, I am return'd as you see.

Fer. Will you please to Cashier me, Captain, or I must follow your Fortunes.

Man. You shan't leave me --- my design is to try all my Friends and Acquaintance, and see how they'll greet me in my Poverty.

Enter Shortsight and Littlegood.

But here comes my Uncle, with Mr. *Littlegood* my Father-in-Law that is to be. Sir, your Business being over, it is a fit time to let you know I am a Kinsman of yours.

Short. I have seen that Face.

[Draws out a Glass.]

Man. This is the same Face you was once acquainted with Sir, tho' not the same Habit; my Name is *Manly*.

Short. *Manly!*

Man. Nay good Uncle — be not surpriz'd — for I know you are as much afraid of a torn Suit as a Younger Brother of a Serjeant, or an Agent of stating his Accounts.

Short. Oh — I remember you now Cousin, you was undutiful to your Father, and have spent what he thought fit to give you, and went a Soldiering; had I done so, I shou'd never have made this Figure on the *Exchange*.

Man. But I have purchas'd that which all your Wealth can't buy.

Short. Pray what is it, good Cousin?

Man. Honour.

Short. Feed upon your purchase, I'll keep my Money, do you keep your Honour. [Exit *Shortsight*.

Man. The Wealth of *Midas* choak thee, and may the Bread thou eat'st turn to Gold. You hear Sir how I Pray for my Kindred — I have more Respect for my Friends. — Sir, I suppose you know my Business.

Little. I am in haste at present.

Man. You must stay.

Little. Not now, — there are several Merchants waiting for me at *Jonathan's* Coffee-house.

Man. Here's no moving this way before you hear me, — Your Daughter *Valeria* — I hope is well.

Little. What then?

Man. Before I had the King's Commission to go for *Flanders*, by your Consent, nay at your Request, our Hearts were join'd by Contract under Hand and Seal.

Little. Verily — It's quite out of my Remembrance, — but what Settlement can you make to deserve five Thousand Pounds provided it were so?

Man. I was in hopes, my Father having settled his Estate upon my Younger Brother, to raise my Fortune by the Wars, but instead of Wealth I purchas'd Wounds. — Honour I gain'd, and the Reputation of being Brave, — these of themselves are naked Titles you'll say — tho' to our Wounds you owe you Safety, — Your Liberty, — your Money, — yes Sir, your Idol Money. —

Little.

The Lunatick.

§

Little. Let me pass, Sir, and then tell your Tale to whom you please.

Man. My Tale I'll tell to you, Sir, ——— for you I spent all I had on my Soldiers——to secure you Thirty *per cent.*——and thus, while for you I Fought, you see what the War has reduc'd me to,—— and now my only Refuge is *Valeria*.

Little. Is the Fellow Mad.—— No, no Sir, I know no Contract.

Man. I have it to shew.

Little. No matter for that, —— do you think I have been Thrifty all my Life-time to bestow my Money upon a Beggar! a disbanded Officer! Gad you are a very Impudent Fellow—— Honour and Wounds with a Pox to you! Is that a Provision for a Citizen's Daughter?—— Pray Sir, come not near my House as you would escape more Wounds.—— Honour and Wounds, quoth a!

[Exit Littlegoods]

Man. The World is all alike! 'Tis Wealth creates Respect,—— No one esteems a Man for his Virtue——but what he is worth;—— the next I try is *Valeria*, —— if she rejects me—— I'm resolv'd never to trust Man, —— hate Woman, —— and like *Democritus*, spend the remainder of my Life in ridiculing and despising the Follies of Human-kind.

[Exeunt Manly Senior, and Jeremy.]

SCENE Changes to Shortfights's House.

Enter Shortfights and Trusty.

Short. Then he is past all hope?

Trusty. He has no sense of his Misery, a strong Stupidity has possess'd him; the Disease is Infectious, —— it has got hold of his Estate, and brought it into a Consumption.

Short. Will nothing reclaim him?

Trusty. I know no Means, all Remedies are hurtful; give him good Counsel and you Poison him; he grows the worse out of pure Contradiction.

Short. I wish my Brother had been better advis'd than to give his Estate to such a Prodigal.

Trusty.

Trust. Indeed the right Heir should have had it, you wou'd do well to turn your Compassion upon him — a poor Injur'd Gentleman, he is next of your Blood.

Short. I'll Marry and get Heirs of my own ; he has been Extravagant , and destroy'd that little his Father gave him. I have already made an Offer to Mr. *Littlegood* about one of his Daughters, and we are partly agreed, and now I am going to ask her Consent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Littlegood and Quickwit.

Little. *Quickwit* ! where are you ?

Quick. Here Sir.

Little. You know that I'm resolv'd to Marry my Daughter *Emilia* to my Neighbour *Shortsight*.

Quick. Yes Sir, and then she and I shall be in the same Condition.

Little. How so, *Quickwit* ?

Quick. Why Sir, by what I can perceive, she's like to have but a cold Reversion, and that's the usual Allowance for Men of my Function : There is not so much left in him as will serve for one Meal, he is pick'd to the very Bones with Age and Diseases.

Little. 'Tis no matter for that, so his Purse be well fill'd.

Quick. That which she looks for will be empty enough, I warrant it.

Little. Give over your Impertinence, Sirrah, and call her hither. What an Age do we live in ? [*Exit Quickwit.*

A Man can't provide good substantial Husbands for his Daughters, but they are refus'd by reason of their being in Love with some Finical Coxcomb or other not worth a Groat, and if they have once got the Toy in their Head, Obedience is thrown aside, Fortune ne'er minded, Money, the only convenience of Life, made a Jest of, and a Company of strange Romantick Devils conjur'd up to justify their Folly, — Constancy, Truth in Love, Mutual Vows, Falshood, Perjury, and so forth — enough to turn a Man's Head to think of 'em.

Re-enter Quickwit with Emilia.

Little. I sent for you, *Emilia*, to acquaint you, that to Morrow you must Marry Mr. *Shortsight*.

Emil. Your Power, Sir, may command my Duty, but not my Affection.

Little. I would not willingly use the Authority of a Father, but to Morrow I resolve to be happy in a Son-in-Law.

Emil. I intreat you, Sir, consider the Inconveniences that attend on forc'd Matches.--- If you compel me to Marry him, you can't force me to Love him.

Little. What! not when I Command?

Emil. I shall never endure him.

Quick. And you know, Sir, what follows when a Woman does not love her Husband, she will either Poyson or Cuckold him.

Little. She must resolve to like him, I have undertook it.

Quick. Why then I'll undertake for t'other.

Little. Will you renounce my Protection, --- shall not I dispose of you?

Emil. I'm all Submission, Sir, and my Duty teaches me to take a Pride in obeying you in every thing.

Little. Well said, my Girl --- I'll step for Mr. *Shortsight*, --- stay here till I return. [Exit Littlegood.

Emil. How cruel is the Avarice of Parents, that confine their Children's Inclinations to their fordid Passions.

Quick. Well, Madam, you don't apprehend the Advantages you may have by Marrying an Old Man.

Emil. Prithee what Advantage?

Quick. First, besides the Honour he shall confer upon you by his Age, you sha'not find him so fiery and unruly as commonly your Youths are.

Emil. Your Mirth's unseasonable.

Quick. But your greatest Comfort is, --- You have but one thing to fear him for, and that's his Tongue, for Old Men are commonly great Talkers, but you'll take care to match that Member well enough. ---

Enter

Enter Shortficht and Littlegood.

Look here he comes, —— Fogh —— how he has Perfum'd that filthy Carcase, —— but favory Sauce will never make Stinking Meat go down.

Little. Now I have brought you together, I'll leave you. When Lovers parly, Parents are not fit Auditors. See that you use the Gentleman respectfully. [*To Emilia.*] And tho' Sir, she seems Coy, impute it not to any dislike of your Person, but her Modesty. [*To Shortficht.*]

[*Exit Littlegood.*]

Quick. I am afraid she'll give him but a a scurvy Reception, therefore I'll steal off to prevent his producing me as an Evidence against her. [*Exit Quickwit.*]

Emil. Now we are by our selves, I'll tell you, Sir, what I think of you.

Short. What do you think of me, you pretty little bewitching Baggage you.

Emil. In short, you are an old Doting Fool —— one that Twenty Years since drank the Lethe of Humanity, and art better qualified for thy Grave than Matrimony. —— Nor art thou fit to play any Part relating to the Husband, but the Cuckold.

Short. Why how now! Is this the Purpose your Father left you for? —— These Affronts are not to be endur'd, --- her Abuses are Monstrous. —— What a Prodigy she wou'd make of me.

Emil. And yet you wou'd be in Love! What pointed Arrow of *Cupid* cou'd pierce a Skin so fortified by Time, a Heart so barricado'd with Age and Avarice. Come, come, Young Man, think again, and you'll find you have more need of a Cordial to Comfort you, than a Wife.

Short. Oh that your Father heard you, Mistrefs!

Emil. if I Marry you, --- I'll use you as I think fit --- I'll have no Mercy on thy Age. —— I tell you before-hand, that you may not be surpriz'd when it happens.

Short.

Short. Very well, Madam.

Emil. Observe what I say to you, Cripple.

[Kicks his Stick away.

Short. Sure 'tis some Fury, — she can't be a Woman. —

Emil. Mind me Colts-tooth, and hear me if you can; for 'tis very probable your Ears may have lost their Faculty of hearing long ago. When I'm your Wife, if you're so hardy as to venture on me, — it shall be your whole study to please me: I'll live thy absolute Empress — I'll lie a-bed as long as I please, do what I please, — nor shall you dare to anger me. —

Short. Not dare to anger you?

Emil. No. — If you do — I'll abroad to better Company, — or if at home, Noise and Disquiet shall be your Lott, — and while your Age and Aches make you wish to Sleep, — the Musick of my Tongue shall ever keep you waking.

Short. You shall have all Content: I love a sprightly Girl that has Fire and Motion in her, — she'll stir up the Embers of Love in an Old Man, and infuse Activity.

Em. Then for your Estate, you shan't so much as be my Steward, I'll receive it my self, and dispose of it as I think convenient, — only you shall have a small Allowance my Dear, [Chucks him under the Chin] if you behave your self well, to go to the Coffee-house, and talk Politicks with your Neighbours.

Short. Pray how must the rest be dispos'd of?

Emil. I'll spend it on my self, — there sha'not be a new Fashion but I'll have it. Nay, I'll maintain a Person in Paris to send me over a Baby once a Month, dress'd after the newest Mode. Your House shall be an Exchange. — I'll keep twenty continually at work for me, — as Manto-makers, Painters Perfumers, Embroiderers, besides Semstresses, and Persons for Intelligence.

Short. She'll waste all I have in a Month; — The Expence of an Army won't maintain her.

Emil. Then I'll Converse with none but Quality — and entertain 'em with Balls, Masquerades and Banquets. I'll have my Visiting-Days for all the Fops and Coquets in the Town. Complain of your ill Usage, and expose your Infirmities to all I come near. — But these are the least of your Evils. I must

keep my Gallant, and you must take it as a Favour, and respect him as your Friend, my Love. ———

[*Pats his Cheek.*]

Short. I can endure it no longer, --- a Gallant, that word has struck a damp to my Heart; --- these Conditions shall be propos'd to your Father, Madam, and see if he'll allow 'em to be reasonable. ——— Mantua-makers, Perfumers, Painters, Sempstresses, Pensioners for Intelligence, Balls, Banquets and Masquerades, and a Gallant. ——— Very fine, Madam, indeed very fine, &c.

[*Exit in a Passion.*]

Emil. Farewel Husband. ——— How full is that old Head of his, of young Thoughts; ——— a Sot, to fancy the Snuff of a Candle capable of giving Light. No, no, I am not Fool enough to suffer false Coin to be put upon me.

This Rule did never yet admit of Doubt,
The Oil consum'd, the Lamp of course goes out.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E Littlegood's House.

Enter Young Manly Drunk, meeting Emilia.

Manly. I know not what to think of my self, I'm neither very Drunk, nor very Sober, --- but I'm sure I'm very Politick. ——— Your Servant, Madam.

Emil. Oh your Servant, Sir!

Man. Will you hear me talk wisely? For, look you Child, I'm full of Oracles; I am come from *Apollo*, wou'd he had lent me his *Tripod*, his three-legg'd Stool to sit upon, for my Leggs will hardly carry me.

Emil. Whence come you, from *Apollo*?

Man. Even so, ——— from the Devil Tavern, ---- he sits President, and I am admitted into his Council, ——— where I have learnt such things.

Emil. What have you learnt?

Man. I have learnt to be a *Non-Com* to Sobriety, and to prefer a good natur'd Wench to your Father's Youngest Daughter, who has a Head full of a Whim call'd Virtue. ——— But pray Madam, where may I find the old Skinker, I have Business with him?

Emil. My Father! sure you might think me worth taking notice of.

Man. Ceremonies are laid aside by me: I Kifs none but my Punk; but in this Humour I'll Kifs any body, nay, I'll Marry any body; I'll do thee that Favour, if thou wilt accept of my Body Politick for a Jointure.

Emil. Where I like, Sir, I shall scarce stand upon Conditions.

Man. Well said Girl; this is a fair Invitation to Matrimony, but

but your Father's a Usurer, a very *Jem*, and if I Marry in his Tribe I shall Thrive, and I hate Thriving. I am come to Mortgage.

Emil. Do you want Money, Sir?

Man. Do I want Money Sir. — Dost thou think I would Visit thy Father, or any of his wicked Tribe, if my Necessities did not oblige me to't. — Yes, I do want Money; — Now, hast thou Grace enough to renounce thy old Dad's Usury and Extortion, and generously supply a Young Fellow's Occasions, that loves you more than your Sex loves Fools or Flattery.

Emil. I have no ready Money; --- but there's a Ring will procure you a Hundred Guineas.

Man. And wilt thou trust me with it?

Emil. I give it freely.

Man. Then I say, thy Father by this one Act of getting thee, has Cancell'd all his Enormities. — This Generosity confirms my Love, and in sober Sadness, I'll enter into the Bonds of Matrimony with thee.

Emil. Oh! here has been your Uncle a Wooing.

Man. What, that old Stockfish, who has kept Lent these Seventy Years, would he have Young Flesh now?

Emil. If he cou'd get it.

Man. He's a rank old Goat.

Emil. I have made such Sport with him, and given him such a terrifying Prospect of the usage he must expect if I am to be his Wife, that he is more frighten'd than if he had seen a Midnight Thief plund'ring his Coffers.

Man. 'Tis well done, — the Old Pimp told me he was going to be Noos'd, — but I'll Noose him him with a Vengeance, an Old Fornicator. He has liv'd till now unmarried, and would be a Cuckold in his Old Age; — rather than his Forehead should want that Ornament, I'd oblige him so far my self. Well, I'll go Home and sleep my self Sober; and as Your Ladyship has equipt my Finger with a Ring, I'll return the same Favour to your Thumb. 'Tis impossible I should stay any longer, — the perpetual Motion of my Feet whisks me about to all Points of the Compass. — So, Madam, I am Your Ladyship's most Obsequious,
Non Compos.

[Reels out.]

Manet

Manet Emilia.

Emil. Well — this Mad young Fellow ever had a strange Ascendant over me ; — He's a compound of Virtue and Vice, — but then his Virtues are more numerous than his Vices, — at least, thro' Loves false Optick, they appear so to me. — He's gay and wild, — so am I, — Sympathy there engages me ; — He's Brave, and Bravery a Woman loves for her self-defence, — but then he's Prodigal, — Inconstant, — and loves his Bottle. — Well, Matrimony may cure all these Evils, — and if he go astray when Married — why then — so may I, — for if our Husbands ever prove false to us —

Nature this Blessing to our Sex has giv'n,
We can, at Pleasure, make the Ballance even.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E continues.

Enter Manly Senior, and Valeria.

Man. To find you not ashamed to own a Wretch that has nothing to recommend him but your past Vows, and his Love — amazes me ; — all the remains of War and Fortune I here present you. — Oh my *Valeria*, had Fate been kind, and left me my Birthright, we had been happy.

Val. Free from base Pride, and mercenary Wishes — you only are the aim of my Desires. —

Man. And you of mine, — but Poverty and Want. —

Val. They are Virtue's usual Company. —

Man. 'Twere poor self-Love, for my Delight alone, to Rob you of those Benefits of Life — your Beauty, Youth and Fortune else would meet with ; — the Park, the Play, gay Dress and Equipage, that draw the Eyes of all, — these, with some young and Wealthy Heir you might Enjoy. — Come, — for your sake, to such I will resign you, — to make you happy, I'll resolve to leave. —

[*Valeria.*

Val. Will leaving me create my Happiness? — Oh unkind Manly! All my Wishes are — to live belov'd by you; — 'tis in vain to think of Happiness without you. — But since my Absence will be pleasing to you, — I'll teach my Heart Obedience to your Will, — tho' it should break with Grief. —

Man. No more, my Love — Virtue that fled from hence — long since offended here by Treacherous Man — now, now again returns, — returns in thee. — Oh matchless Woman! Wealth compar'd to thee. — laid in the Ballance with thy gen'rous Virtue, light as a Feather mounts into the Air, — Warthless as viler Dirt from whence it came. —

Enter Littlegood and Quickwit.

Oh my *Valeria*! When I cease to love thee, — or hope, or think of any Joy but thee — may I become the Jest and Scorn of Fools, — and live and die the Scandal of my Sex. —
[Embracing her.]

Little. How, — What! Ha. —

Quick. Have Patience Sir.

Little. Patience Rogue! — Out of my sight, Sirrah. — Who let in that Rascal, — a Daughter — a Vild-Cat, — who wou'd have thought that thy good Mother could have produc'd so wicked an Off-spring.

Quick. Good lack, good lack! how dull my old Master is, — that he should not be wise enough to know my young Mistress is a By-blow. — [Aside.]

Val. My Father! What shall we do?

Little. Yes Minx, I thought my self your Father, — your Mother told me so; — but these times — Well Hussy — you disobedient Slut, — can nothing but this Beggar please you; nothing but Rags and Infamy go down with you. — Are you ready for a Knapfack? — Can you trudge after a parcel of loose Rogues in Red? — Can you follow the Camp with your *Quondam* Commander, who must carry a Musquet now for sixpence a Day, Mrs. Chalk and Oatmeal. —

Man. Pray Sir, hear me. —

Little.

Little. Hear you, yes forsooth, for what? To hear your Praise of broken Heads, Wounds, Maim'd Limbs, and Poverty, ——— Ods my Life ——— did not I forbid you my House ——— you hungry spendthrift, ——— I believe you come to Rob me, ——— here *Quickwit*, call a Constable, ——— he must have more Appetite to my Gold than my Daughter, ——— haste you Rogue, ——— What are you in the Confederacy against me? ——— Why *Tom*, *Jeffrey*, *Will*, ——— come up, ——— I shall be Murther'd here. ——— Oh my Bags! ——— Oh my Daughter. ———

Man. Pray Mr. *Littlegood* hear me. ———

Val. I conjure you to be gone, ——— for in this Passion he'll hear no body; assure your self that nothing shall make me break those Vows I gave you by a Father's Authority.

Little. Hussy ——— away, ——— What, do you conspire my Ruin too ——— with this Tatterdemallion?

Man. Well, Sir, I'll take you in a calmer Hour. ———

Little. Out of my House, and take me when you please. ———

[Pushes Manly out.

I'll bind him over to his good Behaviour, and apprehend him for suspicion of Robbery into the Bargain, ——— and so let him Rot for want of Money to pay his Fees, ——— thou ungracious Gill-flirt. ——— Get you in Hussy, ——— I'll spoil your Catterwawling. ——— I protest I have put my self into a Sweat with Vexation.

[Pulls out his Handkercheif to wipe his Face, and lets fall his Pocket-book, then drives Valeria before him.

Manet Quickwit.

Quick. Ha, he has dropt his Pocket-book; ——— Now have I an Itch to enquire his Affairs, ——— I must do't, my Curiosity prompts me, and I must satisfy it, tho' I venture the Strapado. ——— Let me see, ——— Lent to Mr. *Prodigo* the Sum of two Thousand Pounds at fifteen per Cent. ——— Oh Conscience! Conscience! How great a Stranger art thou to my precious Master! *Memorandum*, that Young *Manly* owes me four Thousand Pounds, and that his Lands are in Pawn for it. ——— Very fine, in Hucksters Hands I' faith. ——— *Memorandum*, that I owe ——— that he owes, ——— 'tis well the old Slaye has some care.

care of his Credit, ——— but to who owes he crow? ———
 That I owe *Quickwit* ——— what me? ——— I never Lent him
 any thing, ——— however, there's something coming to me more
 than I look'd for. ——— But let me see, ——— what is't he owes
 me? *Memorandum*, that I owe *Quickwit* ——— half a dozen lusty Ba-
 stinadoes cross the Shoulders for not setting my Urinal, and
 Tinder-box by my Bedside. ——— Faith Master of mine ———
 I'll make bold to ease you of that Payment. ———

[Tears the Leaf out.]

Ha, ——— I hear his Voice, ——— ten to one but he's for dis-
 charging the Debt now, ——— but I shall make bold to beg his
 Pardon. ——— *[Exit.]*

Enter Littlegood.

Little. What is become of my Pocket-book ——— *Quickwit* ———
 Rogue, ——— *Quickwit*, ——— this vile Rascal is ever at my Heels
 when I have no occasion for him, ——— and never near me when
 I want him. ——— *Quickwit*, ——— Sirrah, ——— *Quickwit* ———
 Where are you?

Enter Quickwit hastily.

Quick. here, ——— here here, ——— here, ——— here ——— here,
 Sir.

Little. What a Bawling do you make, Jackanapes. ———

Quick. I do but answer you, ——— Sir. ———

Little. You answer finely, Sir, I have call'd your Rogueship
 half a dozen times one after another. ———

Quick. And I hope Sir, ——— I have answer'd your VVorship
 half a Dozen times ——— one after another. ———

Little. Leave your Prating, ——— Rascal, ——— If you had been here
 sooner, I had not spent so much Breath in vain ——— I have dropt
 my Pocket-Book, ——— Look every where, for I have lost it some-
 where. ———

Quick.

Quick. I go, — I run, — I fly Sir. — Here's a Dog's Life with a Pox. — Must I be always us'd thus like a Water Spaniel. — [Exit *Quickwit.*

Little. This Girl's Indiscretion is a heavy Grievance to me — how unlike is she to her younger sister, — *Emilia* was ever a Dutiful Child — like her good Mother, both in Person and Temper, — and doubtless my Neighbour *Shortsight* will have reason to bless the day of his Marriage. —

Re-enter Quickwit.

How now, *Quickwit.* What return'd already? — Have you found it.

Quick. Yes, Sir, I found it by the Cushion — on which you say your Prayers; I suppose you lost it at your Devotion, Sir. —

Little. Like enough *Quickwit,* — but 'tis well you found it — otherwise I might have forgot to pay my Creditors. — I keep *Memorandums* of all I owe, *Quickwit;* I have something considerable due to thee — but I'll take care not to die thy Debtor. —

Quick. Oh Sir — if ever my Services have deserv'd more than ordinary — I think my self so well rewarded in pleasing you, — that if you design me any Requital — to shew that I am not Mercenary Sir — I shall be very well contented to wait till Doomsday for it. —

Little. Oh Sir — that's your Modesty; — however, *Quickwit,* — if the Morning prove cold — expect something to revive you, and fortifie you against the Weather, — therefore let me warn you not to bolt your Door on the Inside, otherwise you may spoil my good Intentions, and be Loser.

[Exit *Littlegood.*

Quick. A Loser, quotha! of what? of dry Blows with a Crab-tree Cudgel? — Every cold Morning my Posteriors save him the charge of a Fire; — would he were as prodigal of his Money as he is of his Stripes — then a Man might be encourag'd to bear with him, — but I'm so bewitch'd to my young Mistresses, that these Inconveniences shall never make me quit their Service. — [Exit *Quickwit.*

Enter Manly and Trusty.

Man. I do not envy my Brother the Possession of my Father's Estate, — 'twas of his own getting, therefore 'twas
D but

but just he shou'd have the Disposal of it, — but his Generosity to me in my Necessity surprizes me. — I have been consulting with him, and like a desperate Gamester, am resolv'd to venture all my stock at one Cast.

Trust. Your Plot will be but a weak Argument of your Policy — if you venture all to so ticklish a Point as Chance.

Man. I'm resolv'd to send you with a Letter to *Valeria*, that shall make her Mad.

Trust. How, make her Mad! ——— What do you expect from that? ———

Man. I shall obtain my Ends.

Trust. Can you accuse her of Inconstancy, or tax her with Dishonour; or have you a Mind to leave her?

Man. Not any of these.

Trust. If you have, you must employ some other Messenger. Let me advise you to keep her in her right Senses, Love of it self is a kind of Madness, and will distract her without any other addition, if Matters continue in this Posture.

Man. No--no,-- She shall only seem so, *Trusty*, ——— not be so; ——— her seeming Madness may be as serviceable to me, as seeming Honesty to a Knave, or Religion to an Hypocrite.

Trust. Is this all your Plot.

Man. No, this is not the main Design, there's another of greater Consequence depends upon it, ——— you must assist me, or I'm undone.

Trust. You never knew a Man of less Experience in the Affairs of Love.

Man. No matter, come along with me, and I'll instruct thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes to Littlegood's House.

Enter Shortfist, Littlegood, Emilia and Quickwit.

Short. It's a hard case that I must not be believ'd, ——— Why I tell you, Father *Littlegood*, ——— she had no more regard to me — than if I had been her Husband already.

Emil. *Quickwit*, remember your Instructions.

Quick.

Quick. I warrant you, Madam.—

Little. I say, Son *Shortsight*— 'tis impossible.—

Short. Father *Littlegood*-- I say 'tis true,--She, or some Fury in her Shape,-- drew so ridiculous a Picture of me, and my Passion, that she made me the most whimsical old Fool in Christendom.

Little. 'Dsheart, her Modesty wou'd not permit it.

Short. I have no Patience, --- I shall go Distracted, that's certain.---

Emil. Indeed I fear so too; --- for according to your Order, Sir, I receiv'd him with all the Humility and Obedience due to the Man you design'd for my Husband,-- but he, to my great Amazement, mis-interpreted both my Words and Actions.— When I held my Tongue — he Storm'd and Swore that I Scolded at him, and abus'd him, — and when I talk'd to him, --- he rail'd at me most abominably for my unmannerly Silence.— I thought he acted by Contraries only for a little Mirth sake, and fell a Laughing;— he wept bitterly, and when I ask'd him the Cause, — he told me, it touch'd him to the Soul to see me cry. You are sensible, Sir, I am not given to Lying, and I have more Respect to the Duty I owe you, than to abuse your Ears with a Notorious Falshood.

Short. Was ever Man thus put upon, — What wou'd I give now to have that young Baggage in my Power, — to have her my Wife — I'd lock her up in my Cellar, and let her Live and Die in the Company of Rats, Mouldy Cheese, and Small-beer.

[Frets and walks about.

Little. I profess, Son *Shortsight*— you talk a little odly, — I begin to suspect there may be some Fracture in your *Pericranium*.

Quick. Ay, Sir, tis a plain case. — My young Mistrefs, when he first came in to her — made him a low Curt'sie, -- he suddenly started back, and ask'd her what she meant by offering to throw her Head in his Face, — but now I think on't, Sir, that Mistake might be occasion'd by the badness of his Eyes.

Short. This is intolerable, — Is it not enough for your Daughter to affront me — but that Malapert Rascal must make a Jest of me too. — I protest to you, Father *Littlegood*, — the

Rogue went out of the Room as soon as I enter'd, and left me to be abus'd without a Witness.

Quick. Alas, Sir, his Brain's quite turn'd! His Memory's lost! Have you forgot, Sir, that I stood by, and saw all, — and heard all, — and can't you remember that you made a Mistake, and handed me out instead of my young Mistress? — I vow Mr. *Shortsight* — I am — so — trou- — bled for — you — I — cannot — keep — Tears — out of my — Eyes. [Weeps.]

Emil. How unfortunate am I — to be depriv'd of so excellent a Husband, — Good-natur'd — Discreet — Sober — Wife, — and furnish'd with all the Qualifications requir'd to make a young Woman entirely happy, — I had liv'd to have been the Envy of my Sex — had he escap'd this fatal Distraction; — but this I am resolv'd upon, — nor shall any Power on Earth alter me, — I'll Live and Die a Maid for his sake. [Weeps.]

Little. I'm Confounded, and know not what to say to this Matter; — a Frenzy has possess'd the Girl. — *Quickwit's* bewitch'd, — and my Son *Shortsight* is a downright Lunatick — and *Bedlam* is the only Receptacle for 'em.

Short. Oh *Shortsight*, *Shortsight* — that ever thou shouldst have a Colts-Tooth in thy Head. — Thou Witch, — thou *Succubus*, — I am worse ridden by thee, than ever I was by the Night-Mare: — Thou art a Daughter of Darknes — and the Devil do thy Father good with thee.

Emil. You hear Sir, how how extravagantly he talks, — speak to him, Sir, — I cannot, Grief ties up my Tongue, — and to look upon him while he is in this Distraction, is worse than Death to me.

Short. Oh Sorcerers! Thou Off-spring of a [Still Weeping.]
Lapland Wizard. — Father *Littlegood*, — dear Father *Littlegood*, — disclaim her, and turn her out of Doors; — for her Mother Conceived her while you was asleep, — and I do not at all doubt, but that, were she my Wife — the Children she bore might claim a Conjuror for their Grandfather.

Little. How, Son *Shortsight*! — my Daughter's Children — claim a Conjuror for their Grandfather, — then I was made a Cuckold by an *Incubus* for ought I know, — very fine; — but he's stark Mad, poor Man, and I can forgive him. — If

I cou'd

I cou'd find any way to help him—— I'd about it withal my Heart ;—— but since I know not how to redress your Misfortune.—— I can but weep for you, Son *Shortsight*.

Emil. Quickwit, —— Father, —— try what you can do to bring him to himself. Let us all join, and endeavour to drive out this Devil that has possess'd him—— Dear Husband speak to your Wife.

Little. Dear Son, look upon your Father.

Quick. Dear Master, speak to your Slave.

[All Weep and hold him.

Short. Adsheartikins —— I shall be Mad in earnest, —— this Imposition is so gross —— I shall lose my Senses with Vexation. —— Oh my Head, —— Oh my Back, —— Oh my Heart ; —— that these Grey-hairs of mine should thus become the Scorn and Derision of a Green-sick Girl and a Serving-man. —— 'Tis Insupportable, —— my Passion must have vent —— or I shall Choak with the Rising of the Lights.

[Weeps extravagantly.

Emil. His Mad Fits abates now, Sir, —— and he begins to turn to his Understanding. —— Let us all use our Perswasions to get him to Bed. —— Ill trust to no body to Nurse him but my self, —— I'll Sing him to Sleep, —— and find a Thousand way to divert the dear Man when he 'wakes ; —— for I have set my Heart so upon him, that I desire no other Happiness than to Live and Die with him.

Little. Good Girl ! Neighbour *Shortsight*, —— be perswaded by your Friends, and go in, —— We'll enquire out a Skillful Doctor , and apply Medicines proper for your Malady.

Short. Ay, —— Ay, —— E'en take me, and do what you please with me. —— If I am Mad —— you that made me so, best know how to Cure me.

[Exit *Shortsight* led out by *Littlegood* and *Emilia*.

Manet Quickwit.

Quick. What an incomparable Actress is my young Mistress. This Heathen Deity Love, supplies young Women with more Tricks than fifty Devils put together can do. ——— I'll go to young Mr. *Manly*, and acquaint him with the Success of our Plot.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E Littlegood's House.

Enter Quickwit and Trusty.

Trust. SO far all goes well, *Quickwit.*

Quick. Ay Sir, but we are very much oblig'd to you,
Mr. Trusty. The good Opinion my Master has of your Gravity and Sincerity, has done our Business. Your Confirmation of his Delirium has prevented Suspicion, and he does not doubt the reality of it.

Trusty. I hear him coming, ——— away to your Post; and be ready to Enter at your Cue.

Exit Quickwit.

Enter Littlegood.

Little. Well, Friend *Trusty*, how is my Neighbour *Shortsight*? Has his Distemper left him, or will he be Mad to the end of the Chapter?

Trusty. Truly Sir, his Condition's something desp'rate, ——— now and then he has some Intervals, but they do not last long, ——— he took me just now for the Man in the Moon, and young Mrs. *Emilia* for the Great *Mogul*. ——— Poor Lady, she's mightily concern'd for him, ——— I wish she were perswaded to leave him, for who knows but the Disease may be Catching.

Little. Very true, Friend *Trusty*, very true, ——— but what shou'd be the Cause of this sudden Frenzy? ——— I protest, when I brought him to my Daughter, I cou'd not perceive the least Sign of a *Non Compos* in him.

Trusty.

Trust. I must confess 'tis very strange; — yet when I heard of his intended Marriage to Mrs. *Emilia*, I knew not what to think of the Matter, — I suspected Dotage in the Case, but never imagin'd it would end in Madness. Yet, now I recollect myself, from his Behaviour some time past, that this Misfortune has been growing upon him a considerable while.

Little. Alas, alas! I am at a loss, and know not what to do for him. Come *Trusty*, let us Visit him, and consult the best Means for his Cure.

Enter Quickwit with his Head broke, and runs against his Master.

Little. Why how now Sirrah! What's the meaning of this rudeness?

Quick. Oh Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon, — yonder's my young Mistress *Emilia*, playing the Devil upon two Sticks, Sir, — What Mr. *Shortsight* has done to her, I can't tell — but I heard her squawl, and ran in to see what was the Matter — I found her tearing him like a Wild-cat, — but offering to interpose, she made no more ado, but whip, — slap dash, — broke my Head with a Candlestick.

Enter Emilia.

But here she is, — pray pray keep her from me, Gentlemen, I had rather twice run the Gauntlet than once come into her Clutches again.

Emil. Save me. — save me from the Ravisher, — will nobody Protect me — nay then my Innocence must suffer, and I'm undone for ever. [Weeps.]

Little. Ravisher! — Innocence! — Undone! — Hoity toity — this Frenzy grows Epidemical. What the Devil ail'st Girl, — art bewitch'd.

Emil. Oh no — Sir, — but I'm in as bad a Condition, — I'm in danger of being Ravish'd, Sir. —

Lit. Ravish'd! I know no body in the House capable of committing a Rape but that Rascal *Quickwit*. — If he has, I'll put thee out of his Fright — I'll spoil the Dog for a Ravisher, —

I'll

I'll instantly whip his—— Ears off, and make an Eunuch of him.

Trust. Speak calmly to her, Sir, —— I am apt to believe her Senses are disturb'd, —— she looks strangely Wild.

Little. Come Child, be not apprehensive of any Danger, but tell us what's the Matter. ——

Emil. High ho —— my Head turns round, —— but 'tis a strange thing I have to tell you, Sir, —— so strange, that I shall think you Fool and Madman both if you believe me. He caught me fast in his Arms, and down he threw me, —— he storm'd like a raging Lion —— while I trembl'd like a suffering Lamb; —— but finding the Danger I was in, Despair gave me Courage —— then we fell to't Tooth and Nail, —— and Oh wonderful turn of Fortune! —— Innocence prevail'd, —— the Lamb got uppermost, and almost tore the Lion's Eyes out.

Little. What do'st thou mean, *Emilia*, —— What Lion? —— What Lamb's this? —— Here's a Story of a Cock and a Bull.

Emil. He comes, he comes! Secure me from him —— or he'll devour me, —— you may read his Bloody Purpose in his Looks, —— he threatens Destruction to Viginity, —— and swears, not one Maid from Sixteen to Sixty shall escape him him.

Enter Shortfist, his Cloaths half pull'd off, his Face all Bloody. He runs at Emilia, but is held by Quickwit and Trusty.

Short. Let me come at her, —— I'll tear the Termagant's Limb from Limb. ——

Emil. Hold him —— hold him —— unless you wish to see me eaten up alive; —— he's more frightful than a *Russian* Bear, —— he was begot upon an *Indian* Witch at *Amboyna* by a Dutch Burgo-Master. —— Cutting Throats, and Ravishing, is his Daily Vocation.

Short. Thou Fury, —— let me go, —— I'll be reveng'd; —— let me draw Blood of her.

Little. Hold him fast.

Short. Father *Littlegood* —— how can you patiently let your Friend and Neighbour suffer these Indignities, —— look what a Condition I am in —— do you see here, —— tie her Neck and Heels, and set a Guard over her, —— or I'll swear the Peace a-

E.

gainst

gainst her ; there are, at least, twenty Devils in her, — she talk'd Bawdy just now, and swore like a bilk'd Whore, or a broken Officer — and threatned first to Murther me, and afterwards to Ravish me. —

Little. How's this ! — Were you for Ravishing one another. — I think each of you has twice twenty Devils in you, for my part ; — poor Girl — this apprehension of a Rape has a strange effect upon her. — I remember, when she was about twelve Years of Age, she us'd to Dream of Rapes, and wake in terrible Frights, — then no wonder her Head shou'd run so much upon Ravishing now she's half Mad, or quite Mad for ought I know.

Enter Valeria.

Valeria, look to your Sister, — she's as Frantick as my Son *Shortsight* — and he's so far from mending, that he grows worse and worse. —

Emil. Oh Sister, take heed how you approach that ravenous Fellow, — he swallows Virgins like whipt Cream, — how can you bear to be near him, — he's as terrible to me as the Thoughts of a Husband of Fourscore to an Amorous Girl of fifteen. —

Val. Come in *Emilia*, — try to settle your self, and lie down to sleep, — I'll wait on you, and see that nothing necessary shall be wanting.

[*Exeunt Emilia, and Valeria.*

Little. *Quickwit*, go after 'em, bring me word by and by, whether *Emilia* is come to herself or not, while I labour to Compose my Son *Shortsight*. —

Short. I'll never be Compos'd — I'll. —

Little. Nay, if you find so much satisfaction in being Whimsical, be Mad till Dooms-day if you please, Son *Shortsight*.

Short. Why Sir, I am Mad, and I will be Mad, — I'm sure I never had so much reason to be Mad. My Head broken in a dozen Places — my Eyes scratch'd out, — half strangled in my Band-strings — accus'd of a Rape too — Flesh and Blood is not able to support it, —

Trusty.

Trust. Nay, I confess Sir, that it is a little hard, I should never have suspected you for a Ravisher, above all Mankind.

Little. To be free with you, Mr. *Shortsight*.

Short. Your Daughter, and that Rascal, *Quickwit*, have been free with me, Sir, they have Pounded me to Mummy.

Little. I say, to be free with you, Son *Shortsight*.

Short. I say, to be free with you, Father *Littlegood*, you're an Antiquated Dotard — a Fool of sixty five — your Daughter's a *Jezabel*, — and your Folly, and her Impudence have depriv'd me of my senses. — A Bone-fetter — *Trusty* — send for a Surgeon — a Bone-fetter.

Re-enter Quickwit.

Quick. A Bone-fetter — a Beef-eater, Sir. — or a Mad Doctor rather. — Mrs. *Valeria* is ten times more Frantick than her Sister. — I left 'em in the Kitchen — where they are playing such Gambols; they took me for Mr. *Shortsight*, — one assaulted me with a three-legg'd stool, and had I not been very nimble, t'other had knock'd my Brains out with the Fire-shovel.

Trust. 'Tis even as I fear'd — sir, the Distemper is Contagious. — It's very likely we may all be Infected, unless some sudden way be found out for Prevention.

Short. Let me be gone, — I shall be Murthered here — torn Piece-meal, — Father *Littlegood*, send me to *Bedlam*, or any where, — rather than suffer me to be scratch'd to Death by these two Caterwaulers.

[*Exiturus* *Shortsight*, *Trusty*
Stops him.

Trusty. Hold, sir, — We have more Care of your Reputation — than to let you Expose your self to the World, while the mad Fit is upon you. — Mr. *Littlegood*, if you please, — we'll leave *Quickwit* to Protect him from 'em — while you and my self enquire out somebody that is able to Prescribe Remedies for these Disasters.

Quick. I'll take all the Care I can Sir. ———

Short. You're a Rogue Sir ——— Protection from him, ——— my Skin will be flead off before you return. ——— *Trusty*, if I must be kept here ——— send home for an old Headpiece of mine, a Buff-Coat, ——— and a rusty Sword, ——— by the help of those I may chance to make my Party good with 'em.

Trust. How unaccountably he talks. ——— Mr. *Littlegood*, come ——— let us delay no longer ——— the Danger may be greater than we imagine; ——— will you go, Sir?

Little. *Belzebub's* got loose in my Family; ——— give Orders to my Servants to look to my Daughters till I come back, and I charge you, *Sirrah*, keep 'em from Mr. *Shortsight*. 'Dsheart, what whimsical Circumstances my House is in, I must e'en run mad too, I think ——— that I may be fit Company for 'em, ——— we'll double-lock the outward Gate truly *Trusty*, and take the Key with us; ——— I would not willingly have any of these frantick Fits play'd without Doors.

[*Exeunt Littlegood and Trusty.*

Short. Let me come by, *Rascal*, ——— or I'll rush out like a ———

Quick. Like a what, Sir? ——— stay till the Door's Lock'd, and then rush out like what you please. ——— I'll go and acquaint my young Mistresses with my Master's Absence ——— and then we'll lay our Heads together how to Plague Old *Shortsight*, ——— we'll Cure him of his Itch of Matrimony, with a Vengeance.

[*Exit Quickwit.*

Short. What? ——— Is the Rogue gone? ——— For no good (I'll warrant you) If ever I come a wooing again ——— Ad'sheartlikins, ——— I shall be Treated worse than a Gally-Slave among 'em. ——— What shall I do to be even with 'em, ——— I'm more perplex'd for want of means to be reveng'd, than I was when I first heard of the late Act for Insolvent Debtors, ——— Ay, I hear 'em coming ——— Patience be my Comforter. ———

Enter Valeria, Quickwit, and Emilia.

Well Rogue ——— *Rascal* ——— you Brace of Furies, ——— what Trick is to be Play'd next? ——— Am I to be Baited to Death? ———
tis

'tis your surest way, ——— for if I escape with my Skull whole, and there be Law in the Land ———

Quick. Who talks of Law ——— *Piglia lo su* ——— *Bon di Piglia lo su.* ———

Short. *Piglia lo su.* ——— Do you Banter me, Varlet; what the Devil's that?

Quick. You're an Illiterate Coxcomb, ——— you never read *Cato*, ——— you don't understand Manners, ——— therefore you ask Impertinent questions. ——— However, for your satisfaction, I'll resolve you. ——— *Bon di* is Latin for a syringe, ——— and *Piglia lo su* ——— is Greek for a Clyster-pipe.

[Strikes up his Heels.

Short. Murther, Murther. ———

Emil. Stop his Mouth, *Quickwit*, ——— How the Monster Roars!

Val. If he be so good at Roaring ——— he shall Roar in some Tune Sister. ——— We'll Jerk him, I' faith.

[Whips him.

Short. Oh, ——— Oh.

Quick. Hold ——— hold ——— Ladies, ——— no Jerking, nor firking, I beg of you, he'll be more tickled with a Whip, especially in such fair Hands, than he would with a Feather. ——— Half a score Lashes will win his Heart for ever, ——— you can't oblige him more, ——— therefore no Whipping. I beseech you, Ladies.

Emil. Say you so, ——— Oh I love to be Courteous, ——— and make no scruple of obliging any body, while I suffer no Injury my self; therefore, as a demonstration of my Good-Nature, have at you, Old Gentleman.

Val. Come on, Sister, and I'll second you heartily, ——— let us Lash him to the tune of Round about Cuckolds come dig, come dig, for the Honour of the City.

[Both Whip him.

Short. Oh I'm dead. ———

Quick. Ah ——— how the Old Knave winches, ——— the very Emblem of Catterwauling; ——— Excess of Pleasure puts him to the squeak. ——— 'sdeath, my Fingers Itch to be at him, ——— and I'm under an absolute necessity of following: so good an Example. [Aside.] Ladies, under Favour, if my Advice may be hearkned to, let us do nothing Hand over Head, ——— according to his

his Merits let him receive Punishment, ——— and with your Leaves, I'll lead the Way. ———

Both. Agreed, agreed.

Short. What, you unconscionable Harpies, will nothing but Death satisfy you?

Quick. Oh, no Sir, only a gentle Purgation by the way of Cleansing; ——— a slender Pennance your small Enormities may require; ——— a Person of your Youth and Vigour asks a little Chastisement, ——— by way of Mortification. ——— In the first place, for pretending to Matrimony at Seventy and odd.

Emil. Ay, a Fault unpardonable ——— to have the Conscience to keep a Mill to himself, and at the same time ——— Incapable of bringing Grist to it. ——— Lay him on lustily. ———

[*Beat him.*]

Short. Oh Murderers! Oh Blood-hounds!

Quick. 'Slife, Madam, I hear my Master opening the outward Door, ——— all things are in readiness for the Conclusion of our Plot. ——— I have convey'd the Parson into the Pantry, and left him over a fat Fowl, and a Bottle of Wine ——— retire quickly to your Chamber, and leave Mr. *Shortsight* to me. ——— Come, old *Hammon*, I must take care of you.

[*Exeunt Valeria and Emil. Quickwit drags out Shortsight.*]

Enter Trusty and Littlegood.

Trusty. Thanks to our Fortune, Sir, ——— all will be set right again, ——— these two Learned Gentlemen are of such unquestionable Judgment in all Distempers ——— that a third cannot be found in our *European* World to equal either of 'em. ——— Sure there's some disturbance that way, ——— ha! here come the Doctors, ——— I'll leave you to receive 'em, and see what Condition Mr. *Shortsight* and your Daughters are in.

Lit. Do so, *Trusty*.

The two Manlys Enter, Disguis'd like Physicians.

They seem debating about some weighty Matter, ——— With what Gravity, and Sagacity they behave themselves. ——— I'll step aside, and Listen to their Confabulation. ———

[Littlegood Retires, they come forward.

Man. Sen. To be thought worthy of a Consultation with so renown'd a Vertuoso as the Learned *Tetrachymagogon* ——— is an Honour so infinitely transcending my Merit, that with Shame and Blushes I shall ever own the Obligation.

Man. Jun. Thou *Paracelsus* of thy Age! It ever was my Ambition to Imitate the Great *Guaiacamico*. ——— the surprizing Operations both on Mind and Body, that your Profound Skill has wrought in *Italy, France, Germany, Muscovy, Lapland*, and so forth, ——— has so deeply rooted the Sense of your unequal'd Defert in all Mankind ——— but more particularly in the Soul of me, your Admirer ——— that the World and your Fame will be of equal Duration. ———

Man Sen. Thou *Atlas* of Physick ——— all I have done is Trifling, to what your sublimer Genius has effected. ——— 'Twas your Prodigious Art that cou'd alone restore Sight to the Blind *Savoyard*, ——— open the Eyes of the noble *Portuguese*, ——— Rouze the formidable *Swiss* from his Lethargy, ——— Awaken the drowsie *Spaniard*, ——— and now what remains but that the mad Organist of *Vienna*, ——— the *Purpuratus Nebulo* of *France*, ——— the great Ship-Carpenter of *Muscovy* ——— the Lunatick *Bavarian*, ——— the huge two-handed *Saxo-Polonian* should immediately receive your wonderful, never-failing *Arcanum* ——— for the recuperation of their long lost Intellects. These things accomplished, your Glorious Statue will be Erected in *Eternum Memoriam*, as an Indelible Ornament in all the Metropolis of *Europe*. ———

Lit. Most Admirable ———

(*Aside.*

Man. Jun.

Man. Jun. Hold ——— thou *Apollo* e *Phyſick*, ——— your Fame is already Eterniz'd, ——— your Miraculous Cures of Poets, Painters, Projectors, Astrologers, ——— Chymiſts, Stock-jobbers and Players ——— that run Mad for ——— and Cox-combs that were Mad with great Eſtates, have deſervedly Proclaim'd you the ſole Maſter of our *Aſculapian* Faculty, ——— But hold ——— by his Venerable Aſpect this ſhould be the Major *Domo* of this Manſion.

Man. Sen. It is ſo, ——— Let us accoſt him with Reverence.

Lit. I muſt not be behind-hand with 'em in point of Civility. ——— Gentlemen, ——— my poor Tenement deſerves not the Honour of Entertaining two ſuch Worthy Perſonages. My Pride is equal to the Pleaſure I ſhall receive in the Recovery of my Daughter's from ther Lunacy, which, I am ſatiſfied your never-erring Skill cannot fail of Effecting.

Man. Jun. Sir, the Viſit we receiv'd from you will be ſufficient Recompence for the Benefit our Art can produce upon this Occaſion; ——— but you might have ſpar'd the unneceſſary Trouble of applying your ſelf to me, ſince you had before engag'd ſo profound a Perſon as this Worthy Gentleman who ever was infallibly Proſperous in Undertakings of this kind. ———

Man. Sen. O dear Sir, forbear ——— you put me to the Bluſh ——— why ſhould you beſtow that Praiſe upon unworthy me, which is ſo Juſtly due to your all-knowing ſelf.

Lit. Incomparable! who would not have his whole Family Mad ——— rather than want an Opportunity of being happy in the Acquaintance of Virtuoſo's of your profound Sagacity. ———

Both Manlys. Sir, you do us too much Honour, ——— we die with Shame.

Enter *Trusty*.

Trusty. Pray Gentlemen, give over Complementing, and recollect your beſt Skill to Remedy the preſent Diſorders. ——— No Scene in *Bedlam* over equal'd the Diſtraction of theſe poor Lunaticks. ——— Your Art, I fear, will be put to a *Ne plus ultra* in this Caſe. ——— Never was ſuch Confuſion ——— Dear Gentlemen, come away.

Man.

Man. Ambo. Lead ——— Lead Sir, we follow you. (*Exeunt.*)

Quickwit, enters and stops Littlegood.

Quick. Sir, sir, Your Presence will be more necessary here ——— I have secrets to impart to you ——— secrets that are worth your Hearing, ——— secrets that will amaze you, sir. ——— I am full of secrets, sir. ———

Lit. What secrets, you Vagabond? ———

Quick. Why, Sir, between you and me ——— Madness is the general Disease now Reigning, ——— I don't know one Mortal that has 'scap'd Infection. ——— Ambition, Covetousness, Luxury, Pride and Hypocrisie, have tainted the whole Race of Man. ——— Astrologers, by consulting the Revolutions of the Planets about lost silver-spoons, Bodkins, and Thimbles, have given their Brains the *Vertigo*. ——— Lawyers run to *Westminster* as if they were Mad, ——— Clients are Madder than they to Employ 'em, ——— your old Rich Citizens run Mad after young Wives; ——— Cullies are Mad to take up silks on Trust for their Mistresses, ——— and Traders are stark mad to give 'em Credit.

Little. And what the Devil are you Mad for, Sir?

Quick. Oh Sir, I am Mad, that I may be like my Neighbours; but there's one thing troubles me more than all the rest, Sir. ———

Little. And what's that Sir?

Quick. Why, all the Armies in *Europe* are out of their Wits, Sir, and there is but one way to Cure 'em. ———

Little. Pray, sweet Sir, Honour me with the Knowledge of that Secret too. ———

Quick. Why, their Fury must be quitted by Paying their Arrears, ——— and promising a Continuation of the War.

Little. Oh Sir, you're Excellent at effecting of Cures. ——— Pray give me leave to Prescribe a Remedy for your *Delirium*.

Quick. Dear Master, ——— there you must excuse me, ——— I would not be restor'd to my Senses for the Universe, ——— I love Company too well to wish to be a Reasonable Creature, Sir, ——— for if I were Master of solid Reason, ——— and in my Senses ——— Sir ———

Little. What then, sir. ———

Quick. Why then, sir, ——— I should be only fit to converse with my self, sir.

Lit. Very fine, sir, — but to convince your Rogueship that you have not lost all your senses — I shall make you find your Faculty of Feeling, ——— I'll undertake to set you right, Rascal, without the help of a Doctor.

[Beats him.]

Quick. 'Slife sir, that was a little too hard. ——— Is this all the return you make me for my Secrets; ——— I wou'd all the News-mongers in Town were Treated at this rate ——— then we shou'd be less Pester'd with Lying Pamphlets in Coffee-Houses.

Little. firrah, firrah, can you find no body to Banter but your Master?

Quick. Hold, hold sir, ——— I have been doing you signal service, and you reward me with Stripes. ——— If I have not done an Act worthy of Applause, Hang me on the next Sign-Post. ——— Ha, here comes Old *Shortsight*, ——— then the Business is ended, and 'tis time for me to Vanish. ———

[Exit. *Quickwit*.]

Enter *Shortsight*.

Short. Dear Friend and Neighbour, give me thy Hand, ——— give me thy Hand, wife Mr. *Littlegood*, ——— give me thy Hand.

(Laughs.)

Lit. Ay, and my Heart too Friend *Shortsight*, ——— I protest I am glad to see you in *Statu quo* again; ——— but where are the Learned Doctors, and my Daughters? ———

Short. The Doctors, ——— and my Daughters? Give me thy Hand again. ——— old Put, ——— I never was more heartily Pleas'd in my Life. ——— Ha, — ha, — ha, ——— you have a very thick scull. ——— Alderman, ——— a very thick scull.

Lit. Hey day, ———. What Whim have you got in your Head now, Mr. *Shortsight*? ———

[Exit.]

Lit. That a Man in his senses shou'd ask a Madman that question, — why, I'm Cur'd of the Spleen, and am now got into a Fit of Laughing; — The Doctors have done my Business — and are consulting how to make you Distracted, — the Operation's over by this time, — Don't you find your Head out of order? — Let me feel your Pulse, Brother *Littlegood*.

Lit. You shall feel my Cane cross your shoulders, I protest *Son Shortfist*, if you don't leave off Grinning. — I must give him a cuff on the Ear, — he provokes me Intolerably. —

Short. Hold — Father *Littlegood* — I have done — I own I am to blame, I ought rather to Pity you, than to Laugh at you — but I cannot help Laughing for the Heart of me.

Lit. I have been acquainted these Fifty Years with this old Fool — but never found him so much a Coxcomb before —

A Son-in-Law, — I'd rather Marry my Daughter to a Jew,

Short. You had better Marry her to a Jew than a Conjuror. — I have freely forgiven 'em all the Tricks they have play'd me for this one Trick they have put upon him. — Here they come, — the two Doctors Transform'd into the two *Manlys*, and Coupled with your two Daughters.

Enter the Manlys in their own Dress, with Emilia, and Valeria, Quickwit and Trusty following.

Lit. How's this! — Cheated, — Bubbl'd — Abus'd, — Rogue, Slave, [*To Quickwit.*] is this your signal service? — your Act worthy of Applause; I could suck the Rascal's Blood as greedily as an *Irishman* swallows Bonny-Ciabber.

Quick. I did all for the best, Sir.

Lit. Where are your Witnesses? — I won't believe it.

Short. I was by, — and was ready to leap for Joy, during the Ceremony. If my Testimony be not sufficient, — we'll call the Parson, — he's but in the next Room.

Lit. The Parson is a Son of a ———.

Short. Hold Brother, forbear, ——— do not scandalize the Clergy.

Lit. Then I'll prove my Daughters Heireffes, and have you all Hang'd.

Short. Be not Rash, Brother *Littlegood*, ——— you may spare your self that Charge and Trouble. ——— The Elder *Manly* is not worth a Groat, the Younger has Mortgag'd his Estate to you; ——— strip your Daughters, and turn them out of doors to the Raggamuffians their Husbands, and before half a Year be at an end, they'll all Hang themselves.

Lit. I protest, a good Thought, ——— and I'll immediately put it in Execution.

Eld. Man. Thank you, Uncle *Shortsight*, for your Charitable Advice ——— but I do not doubt giving Mr. *Littlegood* such satisfaction, if he will please to hear me ——— he shall be so far from being disgusted at the Marriage, that he shall Confirm it. Know then, my Poverty was only pretended, to try my Friends, ——— for in the Plunder of a City, I had the good Fortune to light upon so large a share of Gold and Jewels, that I can Purchase double my Brother's Estate. And for the generous Offers he made me during my seeming Necessities ——— I have resolv'd to Redeem the Mortgage; ——— Our Circumstances then will be equal to the Portions you can bestow upon your Daughters; and now I hope, Sir, you'll give us no reason to despair of an Accommodation.

Lit. If what you tell me be True, Matters are in a much better Posture than I thought they were. ———

Man. Sen. Doubt it not, I beseech you Sir, ——— I'll immediately give you Demonstration. ——— *Trusty* ———

Lit. I am satisfied, Sir ——— and that I may not be outdone in Generosity, I'll return the Mortgage to your Brother, ——— provided I find hereafter that his wild Courses are alter'd.

Man. Jun. No more of that, Sir, ——— Ill Company ——— much Wine, and little Thought made me act like the rest of the World, but now Love and Virtue have taught me another Lesson. ———

Lit. May it prove so, my Boy. ——— Now Neighbour *Shortsight*, I have a crow to pluck with you, ——— either resolve to settle your Estate upon your Nephews ——— (for you have no o-
ther

ther Heirs, — or be expos'd to all the Town, and be a common Laughing-stock.

Short. I need no Threats, Mr. *Littlegood*, my Inclination leads me to it; — when I Die, my Wealth shall be divided between 'em. —

Man. Jun. Then all's well, — we're happy beyond Expectation, nothing remains but to reward *Trusty* and *Quickwit* for their Services — And now, Father-in-Law, if you approve of it — we have an Entertainment ready, which may give the Company some Diversion. —

Lit. Ay, ay, withal my Heart, — Let us have it.

[*They sit down.*]

Enter a Man and a Woman,

HE. Hark, Cælia, hear the gentle Boy,
Love bids thee Save, and not Destroy.
He vows Revenge, if still your Scorn
Denies what I Implore,
He swears you Laugh to see me Mourn,
Hatred it self can do no more.

She. Damon, No more, no more pursue me,
Lay aside thy subtle Art
That vainly labours to undo me,
And betray my easie Heart.
What kind Woman e'er believ'd,
That did not find her self deceiv'd?
Or, when the Favour once was granted,
Shew me the Nymph that ne'er repented.

He.

He. *You'll never repent it.*

She. *I'll ever deny.*

He. *I prithee Love grant it.*

She. *No, no, no not I.*

*Oh did you but know the Foy of Possessing,
Oh would you but try it!
You'd ne'er more deny it,
But wish to be ever repeating the blessing.
Come, come my Love.——*

She. *—————— Never I Swear,*

He. *Kill me with Raptures, not Despair.*

After a Movement of Musick.

He. *O Fly not, Cælia, when I Wooe thee,
Lest the Angry God undo thee.*

She. *Oh I must Fly when e'er you Wooe me,
Lest the Wanton God undo me.*

Scene Draws, and discovers *Cupid* and Attendants.

He. *Behold he comes with bended Bow,
And Swears that you shall suffer too,
Just as you make poor Damon do.*

Cup. *Haste Cælia, haste, Reward the Swain,
Who long has Lov'd, but lov'd in vain.*

Cup.

Cup. *Just so, — just so. —*

He. *O Fly not Cælia when I wooe thee,
Least the angry, &c.*

She. *Oh I must Fly where'er you wooe me,
Least the wanton, &c.*

} Both pointing,
and repeating.

Cup. *Ungrateful Cælia, — Stubborn Fair,
Here take thy Fate, — prepare, — prepare,
As a Return of thy Disdain
To Love, and not be lov'd again.*

(Offering to Shoot.)

She. *Hold, — Cupid — held, thy Frowns remove,
Thou little, little Deity,
I own my self thy Votary,
I yield — I yield — I yield to Love;
With equal Warmth I meet the Swain,
And Mutual Bliss prefer to Mutual Pain.*

[Goes over to him.]

Both. *Thus to Great Love we homage pay.*

Cup. *Thus all Living things my Power Obey,
Whether in Seas, on Earth, or in Air,
Love Governs Absolute every where.*

Chorus. *Thus to great Love we Homage pay,
Thus all Living things His Power Obey,
Whether, &c.*

(Exeunt Singers.)

Man. Sen.

The Lunatick.

Man. Sen. Well, Brother, you see Fortune has Befriended us at last, — I doubt not but you'll resolve with me, never to give these Ladies Occasion to Repent their Generous Passions, — We have sufficient Obligations to 'em, and we ought to make it appear by our future Care and Conduct.

*No Ties of Friendship e'er so lasting prove,
As those Confirm'd by Gratitude and Love.*

F I N I S.
